

the remains to the grave, and in the winter season the silence was intensified by removing the bells from the horses and sleighs. The general regret over the loss of the deceased was measured by the length of the funeral procession.

In some neighbourhoods there were public graveyards, as a rule in the rear of the church; but in many instances a plot was selected on the homestead, generally a sandy knoll, where a grave could be easily dug and there would be little likelihood of a pool of water gathering in the bottom. In such a lonely spot were laid the remains of many of our ancestors, with a wooden slab at the head of the grave. Upon this was painted a brief epitaph, with a favourite quotation from Holy Writ. In time the lettering yielded to the ravages of the weather, the paint was washed away, the board rotted, and the fence surrounding the reservation, if such there was, was broken down by the cattle. A careless posterity neglected either to remove the remains or to renew the